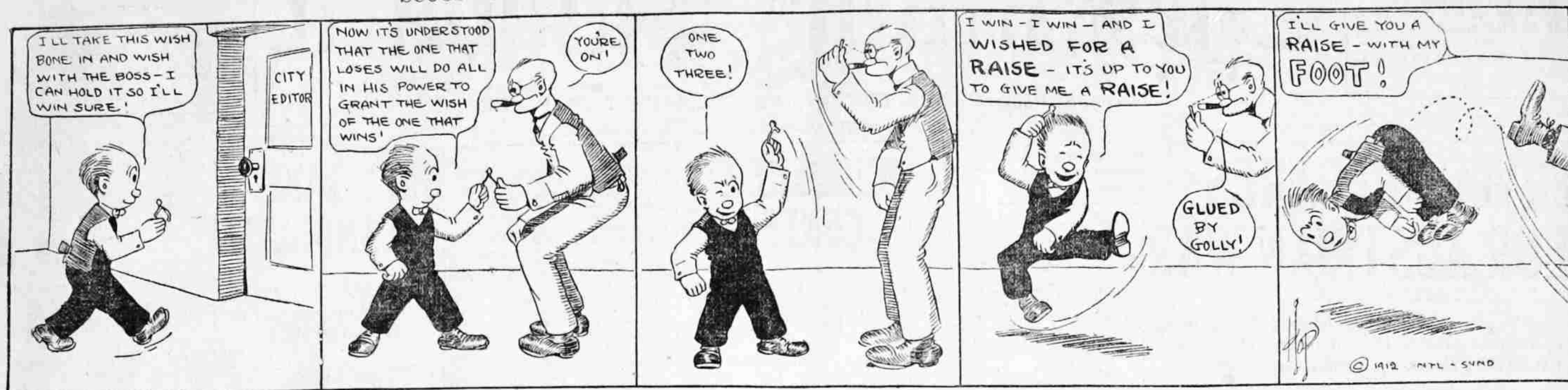


SCOOP GETS HIS WISH—WHERE BABY GOT THE HAIR BRUSH



STANDARD SPORTING PAGE

RITCHIE IS CHAMPION

Wolgast Loses Belt on Foul in the Sixteenth Round of Contest.

(By H. M. Walker.)

San Francisco, Nov. 19.—Ad Wolgast is no longer champion of the world. He lost his title by striking Willie Ritchie a foul blow in the sixteenth round of their battle at Daly City this afternoon.

Whether Wolgast saw that a knockout was inevitable, and preferred to lose his laurels that way, is an open question. The writer believes that the champion was so dazed that he had nothing left but his fighting instinct and was lashing out blindly when he delivered the punch that cost him his crown.

As far as could be judged, Wolgast was a beaten man anyhow. He had been dropped once after taking a right hand crack on the jaw. He was staggering around when he fell again without being struck. The effects of the first upset was such that the champion could not shake it off. Ritchie, who was plainly rattled, kept right after Wolgast after the first knockdown, but was unable to connect cleanly. It was not so much that Wolgast displayed cleverness in avoiding Ritchie's assault as it was that Wolgast was lurching and reeling in such a manner that Ritchie could not hit squarely. It was like aiming at a swinging target. In any case, Wolgast staggered around and Ritchie unloaded volleys of punches on this air.

Foul Was Plain. Wolgast's head cleared to some extent and he fought back. He swung clumsily at the body, there being

neither direction nor force behind his punches. He had Ritchie against the ropes once, and kept him there by leaning on him, and after a couple of wild lunges swung his right into the San Franciscoan's groin. This was the blow that caused Ritchie to sink to his knees.

Ritchie went down with an expression of pain on his face; he arose again but kept in a stooped-over position. There was no occasion for him to appeal to Referee Griffin for a ruling, for the referee had seen what happened.

Without a second's hesitation Griffin shouldered Wolgast away and held Ritchie's glove aloft, proclaiming that Wolgast's foul tactics had caused a change in the world's championship.

Until the sixteenth round it was a fairly even fight. For seven rounds there was little to choose, and then Wolgast took a lead. He seemed to be getting livelier, while Ritchie was apparently fading away. A whisper came around the ring corner, however, that Ritchie was simply laying up on the advice of his manager, Billy Nolan.

When the tenth round was nearly over, Ritchie loosened up again in a businesslike way, and with straight right and left uppercuts placed him on an equal footing with the Michigan wildcat. After that it was nip and tuck until the sixteenth round. Wolgast followed one course throughout the fight. He jumped to close quarters with his head covered, tore away at the body with both gloves and occasionally used right chops for the head. Ritchie at times gave the champion a taste of his own medicine and there was a fierce exchange of body blows.

It was a very neatly placed right on the chin that started the trouble in the sixteenth round, and Wolgast, although he pulled himself together in some measure and fought back, was still suffering from his clouded faculties when he fouled his opponent so clumsily and lost his championship by doing so.

Unsatisfactory Ending. Of course it was an unsatisfactory ending, the more so because the con-

test was a highly interesting one, and the men were on a pretty even footing at the beginning of the sixteenth round. It was unsatisfactory because Wolgast will claim that he was recovering rapidly from the knock-out punch at the time the alleged foul occurred.

Statements of Participants.

(By Ad Wolgast.)

Referee Griffin stole the championship from me. I did not hit Ritchie a foul blow, and I had been allowed to continue I could have gone through the round all right. I was rapidly recovering from the punch that toppled me over. All I ask is that Ritchie give me a chance to win back my title.

(By Willie Ritchie.)

I landed a blow on Wolgast's stomach in the eighth round that convinced me I was going to win the fight. Wolgast was in pain and his blows did not have the same effect after that. I had Wolgast at my mercy when he fouled me and would have finished him before the round ended.

(By Referee Jim Griffin.)

I had nothing to do but disqualify Wolgast. The foul blow he landed was a vicious one and clearly incapacitated Ritchie. I could not see right and left uppercuts placed him on an equal footing with the Michigan wildcat. After that it was nip and tuck until the sixteenth round.

BAT PUTS UP GREAT FIGHT

Is Shaded by Cross, but Still the Same Old Durable Dane.

New York, Nov. 19.—Although shaded by Leach Cross here yesterday afternoon, Battling Nelson, former lightweight champion, gave the most thrilling exhibition of stamina, durability and aggressiveness ever seen in any ring. The great old tow-headed Dane, fighting the most dangerous lightweight in the east, rushed into each round with an abandon never equaled even by himself in his seventeen years' experience as a prize fighter. He took Cross' terrible punches with a grin and gave back blow for blow and at the end of the battle was tendered an ovation by the throng of frenzied fans in attendance. It was fully 10 minutes before Nelson could make his way from the ring to his dressing room, and last night he was the idol of the fight fans.

The battle was one of the most fiercely fought in the history of New York boxing. First Nelson went into the lead; then Cross gave him a fearful drubbing in the second round, and for a while it looked as though the Hogewick king had reached the limit of his iron endurance. But he came back in the third fresh and vigorous, and forced Cross first to cover, then to back away from the showers of blows sent to every part of his body by the former champion.

Both Nelson and his manager, John Robinson, staked everything in a last desperate gamble by meeting Cross. It Nelson was badly beaten, the pair stood to lose 12 matches, already made. If Nelson made a favorable showing he was assured of a string of fights from coast to coast. The gamble proved a winning one, and Nelson now seems even more popular than when he was champion of the world.

Nelson as usual opened the battle with a rush. He jabbed Cross three times without a return, then forced Cross to cover with a volley of body blows. Toward the end of the round Nelson fought Cross to his knees, a hard left hook on the jaw sending the local fighter reeling across the ring.

Cross came back strongly in the second and Nelson took a fearful beating. Cross showered him with hard rights to the jaw and left swings to the stomach. Nelson seemed unable to block Cross' blows and Leach looked an easy winner. Toward the end of the round the spectators were calling on Young Corbett, the referee, to stop the battle. Corbett only smiled and ordered them to continue.

The Dane came back in the third apparently as refreshed as though he had been just starting the fight. He met Cross half way and booked the deadly left to the head. Then he switched it to the body and continued with short rights to the face and jaw. Cross finally came out of his shell and the pair stood toe and toe in the center of the ring and slugged until the bell, giving one of the finest exhibitions of fighting ever seen in the ring. Up to this point the fight was even.

After the fourth Cross tried to out-box Nelson and partially succeeded. Nelson forced the fighting and took many a hard punch for his trouble. But he gave almost as good as he re-

ceived. At no stage did he make any attempt to cover. He simply waded in, took Cross' best blows and fought on with the grim determination that has made him the greatest of modern day fighters.

He never gave a foot of ground and kept up his record of always coming forward. Cross in the meantime was boxing cautiously and always keeping a shade in the lead, as far as points were concerned. Nelson was bleeding from cuts over both eyes and a split lip in the sixth round, but his seconds stopped the flow of blood. At the end of the ninth Robinson was apparently satisfied with Nelson's showing and advised him to work carefully in the tenth. Nelson obeyed instructions for about a minute and then forgot. For the next two minutes the spectators were treated to a wonderful display of mixing. Nelson drove Cross from corner to corner, both fighting like wildcats. In the last 30 seconds of the round Cross caught Nelson with a jolting right to the jaw and the Dane staggered. Cross was on top of him in an instant, but Nelson fought him off, and at the bell the pair were still fighting toe and toe.

The verdict of the leading New York critics was that Nelson is still a "durable Dane." The limit of his stamina is still a mystery. He gave no indications of being near a knock-out at any stage of the battle yesterday, and he was pitted against New York's hardest lightweight, a great two-handed puncher and a man as strong as Nelson himself. Bat is still a fearful punisher and still among the most aggressive fighters in the ring. Nelson will remain in New York and fight at least four battles in the east before going west.

RIVERS IS THE VICTOR

American Beats Frenchman in Every Part of 20-Round Contest.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 19.—Once again we have the honor of having Joe Rivers reaching out to grab the fellow who owns the lightweight title.

In the same ring at Vernon where in he was beaten by Joe Mandot some two months ago, the Californian "came back" yesterday and whipped the game New Orleans Frenchman, ending his reign as the old followers of the game say.

There is left no room for argument as to the question of superiority between the little boys. Rivers beat Mandot in everything that goes to make up a 20-round contest, and Referee Eytan's action in raising the brown man's hand at the finish was unanimous so far as the great holiday crowd was concerned. Every man inside the pavilion, and the old arena building was packed to every wall, had known for at least a quarter of an hour what the verdict would be.

Mandot's claim to recognition as a champion contender he left inside the ropes, but carried with him the respect and admiration of that wonderful gathering—a California fight crowd. Joe is game through and through, otherwise the contest would never have gone into the seventeenth round. In the sixteenth Mandot fought for the better part of two minutes in that condition which is technically described as "knocked out on his feet."

It was a perfectly trained Rivers—not the fat and dissipated youth of last Labor day—that conquered the southern boxer. With his furious attack of old, Rivers battered down Mandot's defense and with a show of cleverness hitherto concealed he sidestepped and blocked the Frenchman's blows until he had Mandot missing like a rank novice.

Possibly we have overestimated Mandot's ability. When he boxed Rivers before he faced a foolish lad who had neglected his training. On this occasion the Los Angeles lightweight was little more than a target for Mandot. After today's true test Rivers stands out far in front as the better man of the pair. That the battle did not have a knockout finish in the fifteenth was due to a fit of fury on Rivers' part when he ceased to use his brains, but tried to smother with wild and aimless rushes a beaten man who could not have recognized his own brother had he stood beside him.

Before the fifteenth was half over Rivers sent his soggy right glove against the weak chin of the Dixie lad and Mandot's knees began to slowly bend under him as he staggered backward.

Between the ropes and his intended victim sprang the Mexican, his bony eyes flashing with the light of a mad man and his nostrils quivering like

those of a frightened horse. Across the ring Rivers rushed his man and with the second lunge of his little right arm he sent Mandot sprawling against the ropes, the strands catching him across the lower shoulder and holding him into an upright position.

From Rivers' corner came the screeches of his handlers begging him to step back and measure the dazed boy with one clean, decisive punch, but Rivers heeded not the cries. He was on top of Mandot, flinging away without aim or reason, and after several clinches Mandot emerged with his head sufficiently cleared to enable him not only to finish the round, on his feet, but make a faint show of aggressiveness just before the bell.

When Rivers came out for the sixteenth round it was plain to be seen that his seconds had cautioned him to play safe during the remainder of the battle, as he had the decision won beyond question. For three rounds the Mexican contented himself with jabbing and teasing Mandot's puffed face, systematically piling up points until his lead was overwhelming. In the twentieth round Mandot fought under "door tie" odds when he shook Rivers up with many punches while the latter retreated and grinned at the happy herd of men in his corner.

What the Fighters Say.

(By Joe Rivers.)

Los Angeles, Nov. 19.—What I want now is a chance to box Willie Ritchie. I beat Mandot just as easily as I expected. I was in the best condition of my career and was never hurt during the contest. It is my plan now to go after Ritchie. If he wants to talk business we can get together quick, but if he runs I will go on an eastern trip and try some of the New York or Philadelphia boys out. Mandot certainly is a game youngster. Few boys would have taken the lacing he did.

(By Joe Mandot.)

I have no excuse to offer. My condition was all that it should have been, and I fought to the best of my ability only to be beaten by a man whom I consider one of the best I have ever seen. The world has ever known I want a return match. McCarey will give us the February 22 date, and I am willing to sign up at once.

CARLISLES WIN BY SCORE, 32 TO 0

Providence, R. I., Nov. 19.—Brown University and the Carlisle Indians played their annual football game on Andrews field yesterday. Snow was falling when the game was called. Neither team scored in the first period. In the second Carlisle scored two touchdowns, one being made by Captain Jim Thorpe and the other by Aracsa. Neither goal was kicked. In the third period Thorpe scored another touchdown and kicked goal. In the fourth period the Indians scored twice, making the final figures 32 to 0.

FOOTBALL FIELD CONTAINS ARSENIC

Denver, Colo., Nov. 19.—Professor George W. Schneider of the Colorado School of Mines, Golden, will insist upon an analysis of the dirt on the college football field today for arsenic. It contains arsenic in sufficient quantities to have caused the death of his son, Leo Schneider.

Young Schneider, a player on the Mines team, suffered a slight abrasion of the left ankle in practice several days ago. Septicemia followed, causing death.

The tragedy recalls the fact that

numerous students have suffered severely from slight wounds received on the football field.

Schneider was himself a famous football player in the early nineties, and says that even then slight scratches received on the football team caused ulcers and intense pain.

"It has long been suspected," Professor Schneider said yesterday, "that some chemical, presumably arsenic, is present in the dirt on the football field. An analysis will be made and if arsenic is found the trustees of the school will be asked to provide a new athletic field."

LOGAN TEAM IS GIVEN THE HONORS

The University of Utah football team was given the hardest game in Salt Lake yesterday of the season by the Utah Agricultural college, and the game ended with the score tied, 7 to 7.

The Aggies' wall was like a stone wall to the Utah men and only once did the Crimson break through. This was during the second period, when Ott Romney cleared the entire field and ran 50 yards for a touchdown. The Aggies worked the forward pass to perfection and made their touchdown on this play. The Utah men played a ragged game. Their machine-like team work so noticeable in their former games was absent, and the Aggies had no trouble in solving the Crimson plays.

NEW LEAGUE TO BE ORGANIZED

Some time next month the baseball parties of the interior towns who are interested in the proposed class D league will be called together at a meeting in San Francisco, and ways and means will be discussed to organize the new baseball body in California. The Coast league intends to take an active part in shaping affairs. The object and purpose of the minor league has already been mapped out by the Coast league magnates, but the meeting will give the baseball people in the interior a chance to decide what towns will comprise the circuit. San Jose, Watsonville, Stockton, Fresno and a number of other cities have expressed desires to get into such a league, and little trouble is expected in shaping up a circuit.

Several clubs in the Coast league are anxious to take hold of teams in the class D league, and it may come to pass that every club will have an interest in the different teams. The new organization will act as a farm for the older league, and will be the means of developing the young players.

J. Cal Ewing, the guiding spirit of the San Francisco club, explained that the Coast league plans to make a baseball school of the new league. "It will be explained to young ball players before they sign up for the class D league that it will be the same as going to school," said Cal. "There will be no fabulous salaries, and they must learn baseball or get out. The Coast league will not go into the project unless at least four games a week are played. On the other days the players must be in uniform and must take an interest in baseball. There will be no play; it will be just the same as

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going to school, only baseballs, bats, hats and gloves will be used in place of books, paper and pencils. Even at that there will be lessons in rules, and the managers of the teams will act as teachers."

Cal Ewing intends to put Kid Mohler and Claude Berry, Seal veterans, in line for berths as managers. He believes that they understand the game thoroughly and are fitted to teach the youngsters the national pastime.

ARMY AND NAVY READY FOR GAME

West Point, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Ready for the game with the navy tomorrow, the army football squad, consisting of 50 men, with Head Coach Captain Ernest Graves, his assistants and Trainer Harry Tutthill, left here for Philadelphia in a special train early today. The corps of cadets, headed by a band, marched to the station and gave the squad a rousing send-off.

Cadets Larrabee, Coffin and Elsenhower were on crutches. The squad went without Herrick, the big guard, who was detained by his studies. Cadet McDermott, scrub quarterback, and Stickney, substitute tackle, also had to stay back for the same reason, but all three will join the squad in Philadelphia this evening.

The corps of cadets, band and officers and civilian residents of the post will go on to Philadelphia tomorrow morning.

AUSTRALASIAN TEAM A WINNER

Melbourne, Australia, Nov. 19.—The Australian team won the doubles matches against the English challengers in the contest today for the Dwight F. Davis international lawn tennis trophy, thus obtaining revenge for yesterday's unexpected defeat in the singles.

The play was brilliant.

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